

# THE TRIBUNE CHILDREN'S PAGE



Say, Genevieve!  
We mustn't shirk -  
Let's give our lives to  
some good work!



Let's tell our minister  
we'll go  
To Timbuctoo, or  
Borneo!



To tell the cannibals  
how cruel  
It is to chop folks  
up for gruel!



We'll teach them hymns,  
and prop a few  
Bad things they  
mustn't say, or do!



But s'pose they listened  
spectfully -  
Then roasted us some  
night for tea!



Say, Genevieve!  
We'll stay right here  
Till we get old and  
tough, my dear!  
ELIZABETH KIRKMAN FITZBUGH

## Snakes, Beetles and Singing Insects Are This Girl Naturalist's Pets



FONDLING HER PET BEETLES

GLADYS DITMARS  
HOLDING KING SNAKE

By JEANNETTE YOUNG NORTON.

This story will introduce to the little Tribune readers one of New York's foremost child naturalists, little Gladys Dittmars, whose father is Curator of the Zoo at Bronx Park. For those of you who do not know just what a naturalist is, I will explain that it is one who loves, without fear, harmless snakes, toads, bugs, flying insects, birds and other creatures of the forest world and cultivates their intimate acquaintance.

Gladys is ten years old, with sunny hair and blue eyes, a healthy, happy girl, whose heavy coat of tan shows her love for outdoor life. She has been with her father on many snake hunting expeditions and he has taught her all the secrets of snake life.

She knows the harmless ones well and is not afraid to handle them as other children do dolls. She knows the poisonous ones, but dislikes them almost as much as the rest of us do. Two big African beetles are among her pets and interest her, though to people who don't know them well they seem to be a stupid lot.

Her most interesting collection is one of night singing insects. She keeps them hanging in their cage in the sunlight all day and at night she brings them in to "sing" to her, she says. Among them are Katydid, locusts, humming birds and crickets. "These insects are awfully hard to catch," Gladys related. "They look so like leaves themselves and crawl on the stems to look more like leaves so that their enemies cannot find them, therefore it takes great patience and good eyesight to capture them. Sometimes my chorus lacks members, for the insects die very quickly if kept in a cage."

Riding along a country road with her father recently, she was surprised when he suddenly stopped the automobile and said: "Look who's here, Gladys!" and looking out she saw a big garter snake stretched across the road. She knew if he stayed there he would be run over, and as she did not have a bag in which to carry him away she hopped out and tried to chase the snake into the bushes. He was in a bad temper and would not go, but Gladys was determined to save his life, and kept on until he slipped unwillingly into the bushes. Gladys spends much time at the zoo, and knows all about feeding snakes and what not to do for them. She will tell you snakes shed their beautiful skins because they outgrow them, just as children do trousers and short skirts. She even knows how to help them do it, so that they will be comfortable more quickly.

A king snake is her special pet. Gladys is shown in the photo with him. She does not mind his restless crawling about over her curls and thinks "he is ever so much more fun than a doll."

School days will soon take most of her time from her pets, but if any of you are at the Bronx Zoo on any bright sunny Saturday and see a little blond haired girl carefully and quietly searching the bushes and tall grass in the neighborhood of the Reptile House, you will know that it is Gladys hunting for more singing insects for her chorus. Perhaps, if you love insects, she may let you help her find some, showing you how to start a collection of your own.

## Our Drawing Lesson

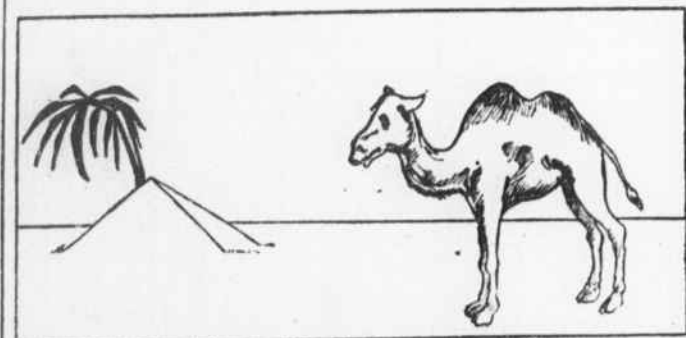
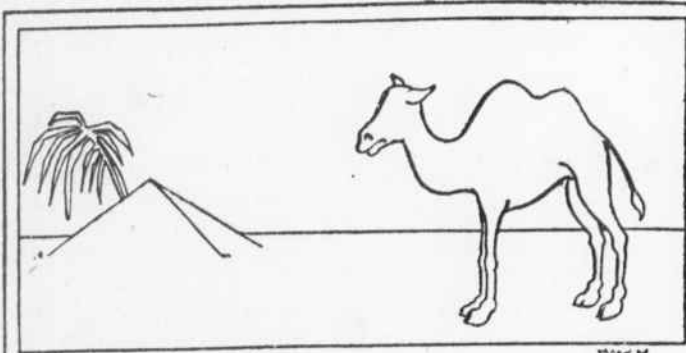
WOULD you like to know about our very youngest little artist? It is Elinore Colford, of Richmond Hill, Long Island. At least, we think she must be the youngest, for she is only four years old. She sent us a picture of a lighthouse, showing a red and a green light. And she drew it all herself—and even addressed the envelope in which she sent it. We wonder whether any other of our contributors are as young as Elinore, and we want all of you to tell us your ages; it will make the drawings much more interesting.

Josephine Kean names her picture "A Storm at Sea," and she tells us the following story about it: "A little girl has been waiting a long time; she is looking through a spy glass and sees her father in distress out on the ocean. She is going to go out and help her father, and bring him home safe and sound." Then she writes: "I have made this picture as active as I could. You will see lightning in the picture, and the light is shining from the tower. There is a

fishing boat on the sea." Josephine's little sister, Mabel, who is only seven years old, is also becoming interested in the drawing lessons. Josephine says: "My younger sister, Mabel, has seen me drawing and she wants to win the prize, too. Give her a chance." Mabel's drawing is excellent for a seven-year-old beginner, and if she continues as well as she has started, she will probably win a prize some fine day.

Doris Griffoul, Newark, N. J., sent us a picture of a stormy looking ocean, showing in the distance a lighthouse on the rocks. Doris is only nine years old, and her picture is one of the prize winners. Grace Tutill, Goshen, N. Y., also won a prize for her drawing, and David Eiert, Hopeful Junction, N. Y., won a prize for his, which he names "Old Faithful." He is referring, of course, to the lighthouse, which is sending out its light to warn the boat of dangerous rocks near by.

We received other good drawings from Nicol F. Brown, New Hartford, Conn.; William C. Martens,



STUDY FOR COMPOSITION PICTURE.

College Point, Long Island; W. E. Colford and Elinore Colford, Richmond Hill, Long Island; Dorothy

Demarest, Point Pleasant, N. J.; Grace Hulizer, Elizabeth, N. J.; Ralph Neubrand, Tarrytown, N. Y.; Helen White and Ruth White, Long Branch, N. J.; Lavinia Kleinfelder, New York City; Edward J. Hogan, Sea Cliff, Long Island; Dorothy Mausolf, White Plains, N. Y.; Helen Hacker, Jersey City, N. J.; William Freschi, Oakland, N. J.; Evelyn Marriott and Frank Marriott, Woodhaven, Long Island; Louis Fink, Carlstadt, N. J.; John Jackson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Elizabeth Morrow, Quogue, Long Island; Theodore Freschi, Oakland, N. J.; Florence

## Teaching the Baby Rabbits

By ROYAL DIXON.

MRS. RABBIT and her five little babies lived among the sand hills down by the sea. Their cosy home was a small cave in the side of the hill, and it had two separate entrances, one at each end. These assured her escape in case a dog or weasel entered her home. One evening, when her children were about three weeks old, Mrs.

Rabbit took them out to a nearby wheat field to give them their first lessons in rabbit history. "Now, my dears," said Mrs. Rabbit, "you are old enough to begin your education. Be quiet, and listen to what I have to say."

Big, Wise Father Rabbit.

"First, let me tell you of your father. He was the handsomest big

brown rabbit that lived on this hillside. He had large brown eyes, and his long trumpet-like ears that could detect the slightest noise, stood up like two great flowers. His handsome brown fur was just the shade of brown wheat or brown grass in the autumn. And this made it very easy for him to hide from dogs without being seen.

"But don't think he was a coward! A braver rabbit never lived! The neighbors never grow tired of telling how he once rid rabbit land—that is what we call this wheat field—of a bothersome dog. It was this way: Once he returned to his burrow below the hill over there and discovered, by means of his keen sense of smell, that a terrier dog was in the burrow. He immediately called for a friend, and together they closed up the entrances to the burrow and smothered the dog to death. That's what I call bravery. And that's the kind of a father you had. The world will expect much of children of your parentage."

"Your father and I first met on the hillside one evening, and we liked each other at once. Every evening after, we would meet out there to play hide-and-seek in the grass and sand, and had so much fun together that we decided to get married. Perhaps he will come to see you some day, and I want you to be so smart and handsome that he will be proud of you."

"But I have said enough about your father, and now I must teach you some of the wise things he knew. He learned at an early age that each rabbit must procure his own food, and has many foes to shun. To do these things one must have a sharp wit."

Never Go Near a Trap.

"Always sleep during the day while most other animals are prowling about, and come out only on evenings when it is cool to seek your food. Young wheat, fresh onions, lettuce and cabbages make splendid food for rabbits. Of course, it is rather dangerous to cultivate such expensive tastes, for lettuce and onions usually grow only in gardens and people are apt to set traps to catch you. So be careful never to go near a trap, or bite at anything that looks as though man had placed it there for you. It is said that your father prided himself on destroying traps."

"Our family is greatly blessed by being both watchful and swift. Just watch me how I can run." At this Mrs. Rabbit sprang to her feet, and over the field she went like lightning. The children stared in wonderment, and then shouted for glee at their mother's rapidity. Finally Mrs. Rabbit returned as quickly as she had departed.

"Now, that is the way you must learn to run. And the next most necessary thing to acquire is the ability to stand upon your hind legs like this." To their amusement, Mrs. Rabbit stood up like a walking dog or a bear.

"An enemy can be seen at a long distance from such a position," she continued, "and it is well to never run until you have taken in the situation. Many rabbits have lost their lives by failing to observe that simple precaution. Once your Uncle 'Cotton Tail' heard a dog coming, and turned to run in the opposite direction without having stood up and surveyed the land. As a result, he found only his bones on the hillside the next day. It is supposed that he ran right in the direction of another dog and was easily trapped. Dogs are very clever, and often hunt together."



## THE WORLD'S LARGEST SOLDIER

A GALLANT grenadier ninety-two feet in height will "zone" at San Francisco bravely defend Toyland, one of the features of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco next year. His name will be Percival Pomme-line Ichabod Eatemalive. He and Miss Panama Imogen Equalrights, the biggest toys ever made, will guard "Toyland Grown-up," a great head of the indomitable soldier.

The tin soldier's shoes will be high enough for a man to stand in, and after the sightseer passes into the toe of Percy's shoe he will be able to ascend by winding stairs the biggest toys ever made, will guard "Toyland Grown-up," a great head of the indomitable soldier.

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## History of the World Puzzles



No. 1—Add and subtract according to pictures, etc., and you will then be able to find out the name and place of the invasion that took place in September, 1775, by General Schuyler.

No. 2—Add and subtract and you will be able to find out the name of the American frigate that was fired into by the British frigate Shannon, off the coast of Massachusetts on June 1, 1813.

This is the nursery rhyme represented by last week's rebus:

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye;  
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie;  
When the pie was open'd the birds began to sing;  
Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the king?

Correct answers were sent by Alice Hunning, Schenectady, N. Y.; Dorothy Mausolf, White Plains, N. Y.; Dorothy Dudley, Yonkers, N. Y.; Harry B. Foster, Lockhart, Ala.; Alice Galloway, Newport, R. I.; Catherine Cook, New York City; Merle Koblish, New York City; Katherine Morris, Yonkers, N. Y.; Helen Post, Bloomfield, N. J.; Sara Dowsett, Jersey City, N. J.; Edith Matthews, Astoria, Long Island; Anna Korn, East Haven, Conn.; Doris Foster, Northampton, Mass.; Helen Miller, Rockaway Beach, Long Island; Norma Tannenbaum, Brooklyn; Robert Hick, Fort Wright, N. Y.; Anne F. Maury, Noroton, Conn.; Grace Tompkins, Lincoln, N. Y.; Marjorie Swan, Milford, Conn.; Joseph Murray, Thornwood, N. Y.; Dorothy Dudley, Winsted, Conn.; Frances Geddes, Rensselaer, N. Y.; Elizabeth Viskmiski, Montclair, N. J.

It sometimes happens, don't you know,  
The dreams we have at night  
Are filled with horrid dreadful shapes  
That give us such a fright.

They run along the window sill,  
They jump down on the floor,  
And when you think they've gone away,  
They're hidin' 'hind the door!

Some folks will tell you that its pie,  
Or cake, or apples green,  
That make you see such awful shapes  
Where none at all have been.

I'm not afraid of fairies, much,  
And course they can't hurt me,  
But all these other great big things  
Are scary as can be!

The Goblins live down by the brook,  
The Brownies in the trees,  
But Father says these great big things,  
Live in the holes in CHEESE.

Demarest, Point Pleasant, N. J.; Grace Hulizer, Elizabeth, N. J.; Ralph Neubrand, Tarrytown, N. Y.; Helen White and Ruth White, Long Branch, N. J.; Lavinia Kleinfelder, New York City; Edward J. Hogan, Sea Cliff, Long Island; Dorothy Mausolf, White Plains, N. Y.; Helen Hacker, Jersey City, N. J.; William Freschi, Oakland, N. J.; Evelyn Marriott and Frank Marriott, Woodhaven, Long Island; Louis Fink, Carlstadt, N. J.; John Jackson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Elizabeth Morrow, Quogue, Long Island; Theodore Freschi, Oakland, N. J.; Florence Bronsveld, Cornwall, N. Y.; Leona Koblish, New York City; Catherine Cook, New York City; Maude Van Saun, Jersey City, N. J.; Elizabeth Viskmiski, Montclair, N. J.; Kathryn Cox, Orange, N. J.; Adele Pettie, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Richard Davis, Rutherford, N. J.; Mabel Kean, Josephine Kean, New York City; Helen Rice, Stockbridge, Mass.; William M. Eppe, Paterson, N. J.; Lois Browne, East Orange, N. J.; Katharine Irving, Bayside, Long Island; Helen Trenz, New York City; Rebecca Sharp, Rutherford, N. J.; Maria Secor, New York City; Dor-